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CHILDREN OF THE WORLD

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From A to Z

BY

THOMAS STEVENS

PICTURES BY

A. H. COLLINS

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NEW YORK

R. H. RUSSELL

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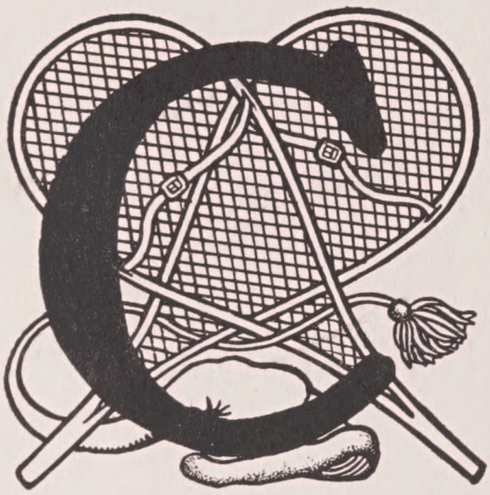
CHILDREN OF THE WORLD

BE they children wild or tame,
They are very much the same.
(Still we have our own opinion which is best of them.)
One child wears only furs,
And one a kilt prefers;
And it's hard to say which is most neatly dressed of them.
Their skins are different, too,
From the Scotch to the Sulu—
Though it shouldn't be the cause of making jest of them.
For each, you must admit,
If you think of it a bit,
Will be hungry, eat and sleep like all the rest of them.

A'S an American, bright-eyed and gay;
He knows how to work and he knows how to play.
And here in this picture, quite certain I am,
He's borrowed the clothes of his dear Uncle Sam.

B is the sun-burned and hardy young Boer,
A rough one to fight, but the fighting is o'er.
His trekking and wrecking and shooting are done—
Old England has now got a new little son.



C'S a Canadian, fearless and bold;
A warm-hearted fellow who laughs at the cold.
He has learned from the Indian, his old friend and true,
How to walk on a snow-bank without falling through.

D is a Dervish who lives in a land
Of delicate date-palms and deserts of sand;
He can ride on a camel or dance the whole day,
And he's quite fond of fighting, I'm sorry to say.

QUI·MAL·Y·PENSE

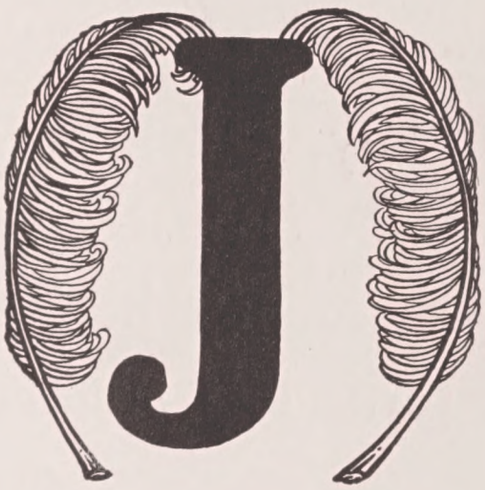
E is the English boy, cousin and friend;
He has a great navy, and ships without end.
Of all our good friends he is surely the chief,
For he speaks our own language and eats our own beef.

F'S a Fijian—a cannibal fair—
Though cheerful enough, she's not *quite* free
from care,
For her father is often ferocious and wild—
Could you blame him for eating so dainty a
child?

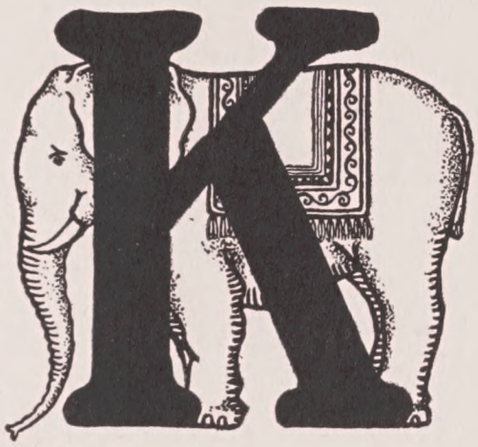
G'S an East Indian Ghurka—a man
With the heart of a lion in under his tan.
He's fond of his kukeri, his gun, and his rice.
When the battle call sounds, he's on hand in
a trice.

H is Hong-Kong, with a pig-tail yards long:
(They always wear pig-tails in distant
Hong-Kong!)
He wears funny shoes, and he carries a fan;
But though he looks odd, he's a fine little man.

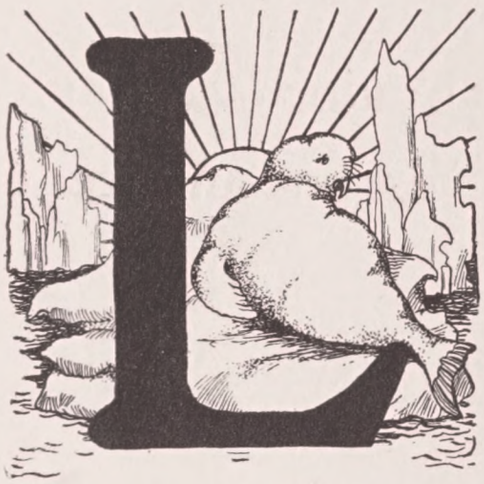
I is the Irish boy, happy young Pat,
With a thatch of red hair underneath his soft hat.
Though kind, he resents any word of abuse,
And he keeps his blackthorn ever ready for use.



J is a Jewish boy, eager they say,
For business at almost all hours of the day.
And if he makes money he never will stop.
In a street in Jerusalem stands his queer shop.



K is a little East Indian Khan,
Who lives in a country called Baluchistan;
He wears a bright turban, which looks a bit vain,
But it covers a thoroughly competent brain.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L is from Labrador—wee Eskimo—
Who lives in an ice-house all covered
with snow;
She has seal-skin for jackets, that cost a mere
song,
And is pleased with a land where the day's
three months long!

M's a Masai baby, fierce, dark, and strong,
Who steals neighbors' cattle and thinks
it no wrong!
That's in East Africa, where they appear
To have manners and customs quite different
from here.

N'S a New-Zealander—Maori child—
Who hides in the bush, which is lonely and wild.
Though he looks, with his war-club and musket in hand,
Like a fighter, he also can till his rich land.

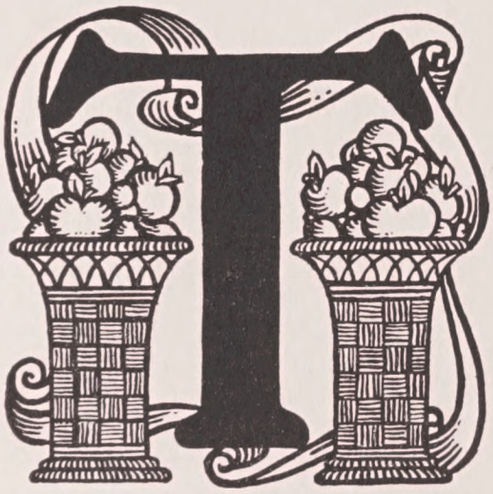
O is an Ottoman wearing a fez.
When he speaks I'm afraid you can't
tell what he says,
For his language is nearly as strange as his ways,
And he faces the east twice a day when he
prays.

P is a Persian and Parsee in one.
He worships the fire and his god is the sun.
He's cautious and studious, so, they all say,
He's sure to be wealthy as Crœsus some day.

Q is from Queensland—an Australian boy.
Riding on horse-back is his greatest joy.
With a whip and a gun and a swinging lasso,
See him racing and chasing the swift kangaroo.

R is a Rajput, who's haughty and proud,
And turns up his nose at the ignorant crowd.
The horse that he rides is as proud as his master;
He will curvet and prance, but he won't gallop faster!

S comes from Scotland, the land of the cake.
He's a braw little laddie a soldier to make.
And the sound of his bagpipes will draw us all forth,
When he marches along to the "Cock of the North."



T'S from Tasmania. There where she dwells
'Tis as full of ripe fruit as the sea's full of shells.
It was once a dark prison, but now it's all free,
And sends us sweet cargoes from over the sea.

U'S from Uganda, all woolly and black;
His clothes are a belt, and a shirt on his back.
He owns a fine spear and a few weapons more,
To keep off the lions that prowl round his door.

V'S a Victorian. Boy never had
A healthier, busier life than this lad.
And the things he prefers to all others, I'm told,
Are the shearing of sheep and the mining of gold.

W'S Welsh. Please don't laugh at her hat!
In the land where she lives they think nothing of that!
She trips off to market, like other Welsh dames,
And she has three or four unpronounceable names.

X is an 'xtra nice maiden from France;
I expect she is leading the doggie a dance.
'Xtraordinarily dainty is she,
And she smilingly says that she comes from Paree.

Y's from the Yukon, a wee red papoose,
In a snug blanket-coat and smart moc-
casin shoes.
In summer he hunts and he paddles about,
And in winter it's always too cold to go out.

Z is a Zulu, with fierce assagai.
Do you think he could hurt you? Pray
don't let him try!
But he won't, if he could, for his battles are
o'er,
And now they're all friends—Briton, Zulu, and
Boer!

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